# A DIALOGUE BETWEEN DOCTOR TITUS, AND BEDLOWS GHOST.

## *Concerning the Bayling the LORDS out of the* TOWER.

*Ghoſt.* TITUS.

*Titus.* s'Death! Who calls?

*Ghoſt.* Titus!

Tit. *Booger Le Diable!*

*Gho.* Titus!

*Tit.* Be Damn'd.

*Gho.* You muſt be Hang'd Firſt.

*Tit.* Be Burnt at the Dog Firſt. I wou'd Cut my Throat with *E——x*, or Starve in a Garret with Sr. *Patience*, rather then out of pure Guilt of Conſcience for my Villanous Lying; Sneak out of the World as you did, with a Pox to you.

*Gho.* With a Rope to you; for a Lye will never Choak thee, otherwiſe thou had'ſt got the Start of me; and the Devil thy Father had given thee the Prehemmence before me.

*Tit.* Well, I have a Thouſand Subſtantial Common-Wealth, Cits, will ſtand by me ſtill.

*Gho.* And does thou hope they will be all *Parliament Men*?

*Tit.* Yes, By your Favour, (Brother *Inſolence*) for a *Parliament*, and for a *Waller* too.

*Gho.* Yes, I'le warrant you, and for a New Popiſh Plot, and a Popiſh Excluſion Bill, like Prince *Rupert's* Monkey; they Out themſelves off by Foolihly Peeping into the Piece they have too wantonly Fir'd, and blow themſelves up with their own Train. But pray you does your Monkyſhip think there are no Loyal People in the City?

*Tit.* Loyal! What doſt tell me of Loyalty? I keep no ſuch Company, neither do I deſire their Acquaintance. What did ever I get from a Loyal Man, but a baſe Affront, or a broken Pate, or a ſcalding Diſh in my Face.

But if ever I live to ſee a *Parliament*.——

*Gho.* Thou haſt nothing in thy Head but a *Parliament*, it has no being any where elſe, and yet thou haſt it at thy Tongues end, like a Scotch Green Gooſe, alias a Parrot, that can ſay nothing but Tut *Titus*, and Walk Knave Walk. To beat thee out of this Language, prethee tell me, what doſt thou think of the Bayling of the Lords, and what does the World think of thee and thy ſham'd Plots?

*Tit.* I'le ſay no more, but if ever a *Parliament* Sit in *England*.——

*Ghoſt.*

*Ghost.* They would still bear it with Patience, as you see they have done several Years together, whilst some of thy Faction are so Impatent of Restraint, that they had rather Cut their Throats, then suffer a Months Imprisonment.

*Titus.* Hum! Verily, and in *Verbo Sacerdotis*, I see Popery and Idolatry, breaking in upon us, like a mighty Current, it cometh like a Land Flood after a great Frost that drives all before it, and will break us to pieces like Earthen Pots, one against another. The Pilgrims are coming in, in whole Armies; Verily Brother, had the Frost held but one Week longer, they had been all here on Foot already.

*Ghost.* Yes, with *Tormentillios* black Bills, and blank Commissions. But what dost think will become of thee, when this Invincible Army shall Land upon the Downs? They'd hardly pamper the up with Six Dishes a Day, and as many Bottles of fresh Burgundy.

*Titus.* Six Lashes and as many Halters. But while I can scape 'em, were it not better fair at Home amongst my Friends, then starve abroad amongst my Enemies?

*Ghost.* Abroad? Where can'st thou hide thy self abroad, from the loud Cry of *Innocent Blood*? *Geneva* will not receive thee.

The Church which thou hast Renounc'd, will be no Sanctuary; thou wilt be drag'd out of the Pulpit where thou hast Blasphem'd, and torn from the Alter which thou hast profan'd.

I know no Refuge thou hast left thee now but to *Don John*, or the *Moors* in *Africa*; one cannot choose but entertain thee, for thy Intricate Acquaintance with him formerly, and the others for *Parson Baal's* sake.

*Titus.* I will go to neither, I will follow my Friend *Patience*, and Coop my self up in a Cock-Loft in *Southwark*.

There I will set up an Evidence School, to Instruct all People Old and Young, for Twelve Pence a Week in all manner of *Villany*, the most Compendious way to Bugger, Plunder, Forge, Cheat, Swear, and Lye too, and again, backward and forward upon all sides, and at Occasions with they sell, *France* or any other Evidence Master in *Europe*.

*Ghost.* Now I am gone, how long will that Trade hold before thou art hang'd.

*Titus.* Then *Actum est Caron peristi Titus*, and there's an End.

*Ghost.* No, thou shalt not have so Favourable a passage, tho the Devil himself wait to waft the over.

Thou art destin'd for a worse Sentance, which I am sent as thy Judg to pronounce before thee ere thou have the Honour to be hang'd. *Tubman* shall Rime thee to Death, *Bowman* shall burn thee, and *Reading* shall Sing the into the Requiem of the Wretched. The Women shall Stone thee for thy abuse of the Sex. The Rabble who proclaim'd thee a Saviour of the Nation shall tear thee in pieces for an Imposture. Thy Quarters shall Adorn the City Gates, and thy brazen Face exalted on the same Pinacle, shall make *Nolls* Copper Nose blush to see himself outdone by thy Matchless Impudence.

When this is done, I shall be one of thy Infernal Guard, to receive thee into our Dominions, and prepare thee a Place with thy Brother *Turn-Cassock Hugh Peters.*

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